The Microscope.

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JOHN BULL IN AMERICA.

The following exhibits our adventurous traveller at the house of a plain farmer on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Two or three dogs saluted me as I rode up, with a republican growl, which were chid by a shrill voice, crying—"be quiet Nap; get out Cæsar, you villain." The dogs obeyed the voice and sneaked away.

"Who's there?" continued the same voice.

"A traveller," replied I, "who is benighted, and in want of food as well as rest. Can you accommodate me for the night?"

There was a pause of a minute, during which the female went into the house to consult the master, as I supposed, for at the expiration of that time a man came forth, and in a hoarse voice said to me:

"We can give you a bed and supper, such as they are. Alight, sir, and my boys will see to your horse."

I accordingly entered the house through a door which opened directly into a large room, at one end of which there was a brisk fire, which served instead of candles. "Sit down," said the old man, handing me a straw bottomed chair, "and we will see what we can get for your supper. "Clementina!" said he, raising his voice.

"I'm coming, daddy," answered somebody, and forthwith in came Clementina, a damsel of at least six feet high in her stockings. She looked like a syrid, with eyes as black as a coal, wild as those of an antelope, and long lank hair, glossy and straight, hanging about her neck and shoulders. I confess I felt rather odd at seeing her, but my feelings were nothing to those which rushed over me on the entrance of the two *boys*, as the old man called them. They were at least seven feet high, raw-boned, and savage in their aspect, with nothing on them but a linen shirt and trowsers. Tho' I came in a fashionable gig, and was dressed in the most fashionable travelling costume, they seemed not to feel the least embarrassment at my presence, but took chairs and sat down at my side with the genuine air of republican insolence. I tried all I could to look dignified, but in spite of myself, could not repress certain apprehensions, which gradually came over me, and undermined my sense of superiority. The old man and his wife, who by the way, though apparently advanced in years, were as tall and as straight as the rest of them, asked me a great many questions in the way of guessing and reckoning, while Clementina bestirred herself in preparing and bringing in supper.

When it was ready they all sat down without ceremony, and with as little ceremony invited me to follow their example. Here was a practical illustration of the blessings of equality; but I was determined to put up with their insolence for one night. The supper consisted of loads of meat, ham, venison, game of various kinds, in quantities sufficient to feast an army. I began to sum up the probable amount of my bill, as I concluded I should have to pay for the feastings of the whole family, and what was left besides. "Help yourself," said the old man, "and don't be a stranger. I'm sorry we have nothing better; and you're heartily welcome." Most people are welcome, thought I, for their money, but I said nothing.

"We cannot afford tea and coffee," continued the old man, "but here is some old whiskey that I hope you will like. Come, help yourself, and here's to Old Hickory.

My stomach turned at the very smell of this execrable beverage; but recollecting the republican custom of roasting their particular friends by a log fire for refusing to drink, I thought fit to help myself, and make as if I drank. In this way supper passed off smoothly enough, and the old man directed Clementina to make arrangements for the night. "You boys will be obliged to give up your room to the stranger, and Clementina will make you up one in the corner here." While this was doing, I amused, or rather perplexed myself in looking about the room, and wondering where these people could procure such luxuries as venison and wild game. But as the light flashed in a remote and obscure corner on one side of the fire-place, I was struck with horror at seeing three rifles hanging one below the other upon hooks fixed in the wall. The whole truth flashed upon me at once. I am in a den of banditti, thought I, and my moments are numbered. They will murder me to night, and none will know my wretched fate. The old man will lay out all my money to-morrow in whiskey; the boys will go a courting in my new gig, dressed in my dandy coats, and Clementina will figure in my patent corsetts. I burst into tears at the awful anticipation.

"What ails you?" said the old man.

"May-be he has got the stomach-ache," quoth the old hag, who now began to look just like one of the Great Unknown's remarkable old women.

"Make a little more whiskey," *said* Clementina, with a look of diabolical tenderness.

At first I was going to reject it with infinite contempt, but on second thoughts, and considering what I had to go through that night, I determined to fortify myself with Dutch courage after the manner of the Yankees, and if I must die, die like immortal Cæsar, with decency.

"Your bed is got ready," said Clementina, but I determined to sit up and defer my fate as long as possible. They now began to yawn, and one after the other retired, wishing me good night, until decency obliged me to follow their example. My room opened directly from that in which we were sitting, and where the two boys were to sleep, no doubt, as I felt assured, to be handy for murdering me. I retired to my room, the door of which I attempted to fasten, but there was nothing but a latch. I looked at the sheets, but they were white as snow, Clementina having as I concluded, taken the precaution to pick out a pair that was not stained with blood, so as not to alarm me. I looked under the bed, and discovered something that greatly resembled a trap door, with leather hinges.

This discovery overset me entirely. I paced my room to and fro, and listened in breathless anxiety to every sound. If a mouse stirred, my heart leaped into my throat. I heard the owl and the whip-poor-will, those ill-omened birds, screeching and flapping their wings at my windows and mingling their shrill warnings with the distant howlings of half famish'd wolves. I was determined not to lie down, for fear of going to sleep, and at length to while away the time, took up the 58th No. of the Quarterly; but this only added to my boding apprehensions. As I read of the biting, scratching, and gouging, bundling, dirking and roasting alive on red-hot coals—of ten dollars being the price of a man's life in this country, and of all the diabolical horrors of turbulent democracy, my spirit failed me and I sunk insensibly on the floor. How long I remained in this unconscious state, I cannot say, but I was roused at length by a noise of mingled howlings, barkings, cacklings and crowings, that entered into my very soul. Presently I heard a stirring in the next room, and a light shone through my key hole. It's all over with me now, thought I; my time is come—"now I lay me down to sleep," said I to myself, and waited in desperate suspense. At length I ventured to look through the key hole, where I saw a sight that froze me into horror. The two young banditti had taken down their rifles, and while loading them the following dialogue ensued in whispers:

"Damn him, but I'll do his business, I'll give him his bitters."

"Hush!" replied the other, "you'll wake the gentleman."

Again there was a confused noise of howling and cackling without. Now is our time, said one, and both of them made, not for my door, but for that which led into the yard. I breathed again for a moment until I heard two guns go off at a little distance. They are murdering some poor unfortunate travellers thought I, and my time will come next. In about half an hour they returned and threw something that fell like a dead heavy weight on the floor.

"By G—, we've done it for him at last," said one—"the rascal fought like a tiger; let's strip the gentleman of his hide."

"No, no, replied the other—wait till"—here his voice sunk, and I could only guess what was meant. I grew desperate and tried to push up the window, but it was fastened down with nails, to make all sure, and prevent my escaping. I listened again, but all was silent in the next room. The next moment I heard the voice of the old man calling his "boys," and perceived to my astonishment that the sun was just peeping above the horizon. Day light, which emboldens the innocent, appal the guilty. And I now felt myself safe. I came out of my room with an air as unconcerned as possible, and was received as if nothing had happened.

"Good morning! good morning!" said the impudent old Republican, "I am afraid you was disturbed last night. The boys were out after a bear that has beat up our quarter several times. But he'll never come again I reckon. Is'nt he a whopper?" continued he, pointing to the carcass in a corner. A happy turn thought I, but I am not to be humougged by a cock and a bull story. They pressed me to stay to breakfast, but I was resolved not to trust myself a moment longer with this banditti, and requested them to get my gig ready as soon as possible. In the mean time I asked the old man for his bill.

"We don't keep tavern," said he. "I know that," replied I, significantly, "but you will take something for your trouble."

"Not a cent; every stranger that comes here is welcome to what I can offer. I have but little money, but plenty of every thing else; and it is not often we have the pleasure of a stranger's company in this out of the way place. You are heartily welcome to your bed and supper, and will be still more so, if you will stay to breakfast.

His refusal to take pay was another proof, if any had been wanting, of the profession followed by this awful family. Banditti are always above taking money that is honestly their due, and require the zest of a little murder and bloodshed to make it worth having.

FROM THE NANTUCKET INQUIRER.

A PAGEANT.

——We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Somewhere about the middle of August in the year Twenty-Four, in and around the city of New-York happened an event which, albeit other recondite historiographers may have already acquainted the world thereof, should not be excluded from an history like the present, so admirably calculated for the instruction and improvement of after ages. Moreover, the writer himself, having been an eye-witness of the scenes subsequently to be pourtrayed, beareth most faithful and veracious testimony, from actual observation, touching the facts thereupon attendant.

One memorable day, a vessel from the coast of France arrived below the city, having on shipboard that veteran republican who whilome, in stormy times, embarked as a volunteer in the cause of American liberty; and who, amidst the invidious molestations and unrighteous trespasses of that malignant horde of despots by whom for two score years he had been watched and tempted, renounced not his attachments, nor shrunk from a constant avowal of his principles, under the malisons and scourges and manacles of inexorable persecution. It was a long-looked-for day, and the tidings of his coming were instantaneously rumoured abroad throughout all the metropolis and its precincts. The bustling youngsters in the streets had got an inkling of his approach; and were no strangers to his sufferings and his renown—having oftimes in their very nurseries listened eagerly, and agape with curious excitement, to the romantic tales of their grandams concerning these things. To them it seemed like the happy fulfilment and realization of some fairy legend; they shouted in the excess of their simple gladness; and leaped about, like froglings in the sunbeam stark ravished with instinctive sensations of delight. The aged and superanuated were seen clustering together in casual groupes, gazing at each other through dim and watery eyes, and mutually grasping the macilent and rigid hand with resuscitated vigor; while the half-palsied tongue, making a desperate effort, breaks its chain like a worn-out watch and runs down in a stream of garulity. Pleasant and plaintive was their converse; they told of other periods—and the burden of their discourse was the heroic warrior whom they were to greet on the morrow. At length, said they, he has come in the frosty twilight of his day to cast a parting glimpse at the ripening fruits of his early toils, ere the angel of death shall pass by and darken forever the windows of that noble mind. He has come, while yet the organs of articulation remain unbroken, to scatter his farewell benedictions in "the midst of prosperity," whose grateful smiles shall rise around him in return, and mingle with the glories of his setting sun!

As the day waned, the busy tumult of preparation did in no wise decrease; but rather on the contrary seemed to extend from the most public squares even unto the remotest by-ways and hiding places. The oldwives and gossips drew forth all sorts of antiquated finery wherewith to furbelow their staid personages on the anticipated morn—complicated frills and labyrinthian flounces underwent transposition and starch—while the fair and fad-by garments of yore were enclewed, and held in requisition for a display of respectability in all the majesty of quilted petticoats and pompadour. Nor were the ancient males less vehement in their longings after a decent share of distinction—long-bodied, broad-skirted, buckler-buttoned, coats deserted their pegs on the garret wall; short-waisted, shin-pinching unspeakables from their dusty concealments experienced resurrection and remembered wigs were agitated, and forthwith consigned to the frizeur to be fagoted—and revolutionary chapeaux came to judgement and the brush. Indeed it were an endless job to recount the joint and several doings and undoings of every and each class of citizens from "grave to gay." The dandiprats and fair-weather troops were known to be exceeding diligent in the affairs of stays, false collars, redundant ruffles and superrogatory watch-seals. And it was whispered that the exquisites of the feminine gender consumed half that night at their toilets, harassing their shapes into gentility, and torturing their supernumerary locks into apt sinuosities; retiring at last to repose with the curtains of their optics half drawn up, by reason of the tightness with which they had involved their ringlets in fragments of the National Advocate!

Let not the fastidious gentlefolk of other communities scoff at these preliminary measures—they were sanctified by an honorable, and holy purpose—they were designed to exhibit to a national benefactor the highest evidences of veneration and duty, that could be accorded by a whole populace brought together spontaneously.—Should they appear on such an occasion, clad in vile and detestable habiliments, like a mob of miserable bondmen? Should they even go forth in their ordinary garbs thus indifferently to hail the hidden sojourner? Nay, verily.

But the dawn came. Hyperion himself was aroused by the iron-lunged two-and-thirty's that bellowed thunderingly like the dragons of Mars, from the Eastern river to the Battery—thence to the isles and fortresses below—where Cadmus, under the guidance of Minerva, returned the salutation, and legions of armed men sprang up, as erst upon the plains of Bœotia. Eftsoons upon the waters there were sails distended, and a splashing of oars incontinent—on shore there was an ominous and respectful still among the nether orders—sounds of exultation were heard in the streets intermixing with far-off murmurs and scrapings and trampings, as of multitudes getting in readiness for the celebration of a jubilee. Now started Steamboats from various slips, vapouring and puddering along the glancing ripples of the salt sea, bedecked with gay streamers, and incumbered with inquisitive gentles both men and women—now fresh-shriven youths in motley clothing, crowned with helmets and plumed to their knees in spatterdashes, sprucely threaded the gathering posse—now a red-and-yellow hussar, or a gorgon-headed dragoon, cantered this way and that, seeking their several places of rendezvous—till at last, by the hour of nine, the thick coming masses of mortal mould, so thronged every principal avenue, that all distinction and discrimination were lost in one measureless expanse of hats and bonnets. The goal, whither this great human tide tended, was the Battery, so called, situate at the southern verge of the city, serving as a rampart in war, or a promenade in peace. At this point, the object of so much solicitude was expected to land—it fronted that passage to the ocean, through which the Cadmus and its illustrious frieght might advance. On the one side it is washed by the majestic Hudson, beyond which lie the romantic shores and sequestered hamlets of Jersey—on the other, rolls that deep and rapid

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...h leadeth to the Gate, whose ...it is unpolite to speak. ...uch of terra firma within this ...ea, bore its ratio of animal life—the ...et ycleped Broadway, forming its chief entrance, also swarmed and overflowed; while a counter-current moved upon one side thereof, made up of disappointed hundreds seeking some portico, or gateway, or fence, or other commodious elevation, whence they might contemplate the gorgeous cavalcade in its route towards the City Hall. Every tenement, not contiguous to the scene of operations, seemed to have disgorged its inmates—leaving the remote parts of the metropolis utterly desolate. Meantime the soldiery, horse and foot, were duly organized and stationed on the margin of the Battery, turning neither to the right hand nor to left. A delay of some hours heightened the excitement. Merry peals from the church spires kept expectation awake. Knots of young rogues, predisposed to misbehavior, ever and anon shouted surreptitiously "they are coming" and many false reports of the like character were let off.

Matter being thus conditioned, the writer hereof, despairing of a nearer view resorted to the stone steps of a mansion hard by St. Paul's, there patiently to waylay the processional pageant. It was a melting season, and the relentless sun poured exceeding warm rays upon unsheltered heads. The proprietor of this habitation threw open his front door, and stood awhile on the sill, complacently eyeing the throng without. Some well-attired ladies near by expressing an audible wish for permission to enjoy a seat at one of the several unoccupied windows above, the gentleman courteously withdrew, and —bolted the door. And now the crowd pressed heavily, lurching and struggling, until the whole populace were squeezed as it were into one compound of humanity. "I vish you vould take avay your foot, madam," ejaculated a diminutive, neck-stretching figure on the side walk—"why look, how *can* I?" answered a squab matron, on his right, with an immense baby in her arms—"vell, I declare I shall be hinpaled halive; my poor hinstep is vedged so 'orridly hunder your 'eel"—"*You* needn't say nothing," quoth a blackamoor on the left, whose visage, stewing and reeking the noontide fervour, glistered like the integument of parboiled ham—"for you bin climbing on top my heel, dis two hour an' half." Presently the multitude were informed by a tremendous roar of ordinance, that the hero had debarked.—A breathless spectator from the Battery, whence he insinuated his way by dint of sharp elbowings, confirmed the intelligence. In sooth said he, it was a comely spectacle to see that tall ship gallanted along by numerous steam vessels, all proudly adorned with naval ensigns—but there was no time for colloquial parlance. Far down the street, a cloud of dust in the air, and banners appeared, and arms gleamed and bristled in the mistiness, and warlike noises were heard, as of a mighty host returning from conquest.—One numerous rush swept numbers of the surplus population into by-lanes and courts and the train advanced. There came scarlet-equipped men on richly caparisoned horses—lofty grenadiers in vestments of divers hues, interspersed by bands of musical blasters and thumpers—together with all the paraphernalia of a martial and a civic ceremonial.

In an open landau, with head uncovered sate the good LA FAYETTE, bowing graciously to the enraptured beholders, who were torn by contending and hallowed emotions; some reaching forth their arms some clamoring for joy, and some weeping—men's hats were seen to rise voluntarialy as the consecrated vehicle slowly progressed; and the overjoyed concourse, seeking a vent for this intensity of feeling, suddenly smote the atmosphere with uplifted limbs; at the same time, with one accord, delivering an unimaginable measure of acclamation—whereat divers sedate people, including the deponent, straightway departed.

Green-Room Intelligence.

A song entitled "You ask me to wake the strain," music by the far-famed Miss Foote, is advertised in the London papers: also advertised, "Colonel Berkley and his friends, a Sketch of Life."

The Baltimore theatre, Wood and Warren, managers, opened on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst. with the new comedy of Sweet-hearts and Wives—the ballad of Love among the Roses—and the farce of the Two pages of Frederick the Great. The new theatre in Belvidere street, closed doors for the season on the 24 inst.

The popular and splendid spectacle of the Cataract of the Ganges, has been revived at the Park Theatre, New-York.

A new *gag* has been got up at the Theatre Port San Martin, Paris. A good sized *Monkey* is engaged for ten nights to perform a part in the melo-drama, and attracts crowded houses. This extraordinary animal performs *tragedy*—he saves the lives of the son and wife of his master, besides his fortune, and is finally killed amidst the tears and sensibilities of the audience.

The last night of Miss Foote's acting on the London boards was noticed in the London papers to take place on the 26th of March. She is under a matrimonial engagment with Mr. Hayne, which is shortly to be consummated,—The receipts at Covent Garden Theatre to Miss Foote's performance during 20 nights, exceeded fifty-three thousand dollars—a sum far surpassing any thing upon record.

THE MICROSCOPE.

EDITOR'S CLOSET.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. The next subject we shall revert to in the list of the censurable customs of the Editorial brotherhood, is the subject of PUFFING, and a vast subject it is, if viewed in a magnitude of enormity in proportion to the prevalence of the offence, and the extravagance of the manner of commission. It is not a degeneracy of *moderns* only; and although it may have assumed a more formidable aspect in aftertimes, yet it is believed to have existed as a notorious evil, ever since, for ought we know, the days of FAUST. Nay, it is matter of serious doubt to us whether some *antideluvian editors* were not addicted to the vile practice. But, to confine our strictures to years this side of the flood, there is much teneble ground for suspicion that the most ancient of Editors were guilty of the grossest *puffing* in their biographic sketches; for instance, the one who wrote the history of Job, in which he says he was a man perfect and upright. To come still nearer to this Iron age of ours, the facetious Dr. Wolcott, in his Tales of the Hoy, describes an Editor, who must have been a very *dabster* at the business of *puffing*. He covered his back by puffing the tailor, his head by puffing the hatter, his feet by puffing the cobbler, and in short he defrayed all his expenses by puffing. But we poor devils, cannot now-a-days turn our puffing to so good an account. It is not held in the estimation that it used to be. The truth is, the trade has been ruined, like most other trades, by over doing, and now a puff must be very adroitly managed to make it take.

An anonymous writer on this subject, divides puffing into half a dozen different classes, of which we recollect the *puff oblique*, the *puff collateral*, the *puff direct*, and the *puff fatal*; and in all puffs, the greatest circumspection is requisite to avoid falling into the latter class.

The *puff oblique*, is one of those left-handed, side-wise kind of compliments that a cunning man gives to a friend in his most modest mood. It is that species of public flattery which is given and received with a blush.

The *puff collateral*, is not very dissimilar to the one aforementioned, but, on its occurrence, both the puffor and the puffee appear more conscious of the object for which it is intended.

The *puff direct*, is the very thing of which we complain. It is the thing of which some Editors are too often guilty, and its close alliance to the *puff fatal*, frequently renders it difficult to distinguish them. The *puff direct* is used in political warfare to raise the character of the favorite candidate—in noticing the Drama to gain a free admission into the Theatre—in reverting to the acts or circumstances of the great, to court their smiles and win, or rather earn, their favor.

In short there is but one kind of puffing that we can away with; and that is puffing one's self. There seems to be some propriety in this, unless it be a little straining to one's modesty. But that's a thing which is soon outgrown. For instance, *Lottery dealers* have an unrestrictive licence to puff their "*Lucky Offices*" and fear no censure. *Players*, too, whether they possess the same right or not, will always assume it, if they can find a printer to "*type the stuff*" for them. But *office seekers*, are the greatest bores at self-puffing that we know of, there is so much hypocrisy in them, and such an eternal ding-dong about patriotism, public good, and private disinterestedness, that we always put a politician's puff down for a *puff fatal*.

MR. RIGGS of the Schenectady Cabinet has been raising the very deuce with the Canal Commissioners for about four years. He at first took our particular friend Seymour by the shoulder, and shook him most unmercifully. He then got hold of Young and gave *him* a real *rattling*. By the bye, he is at him yet and indeed it seems rather doubtful when he means to let him alone. We hope, however, there is no personal animosity in the matter, for that would not make it look quite so *patriotic*.

REPUTABLE. The character of a house in South Market-street, owned by one of our wealthiest citizens, and long known as not being one of doubtful fame, has lately been greatly improved by our old acquaintance, Alderman P——, moving into it. Good accommodations, it is presumed, will be provided for Mr. M——s at the next meeting of the Lobby. Verily, the owner of this house seems determined to establish its character, if he has not already done it.

PIOUS MODESTY. We discover that in the Western Recorder, (a very *holy* paper published in Utica) a couple of columns is devoted to the very useful object of emblazoning to the world the names and distinguishing appellations of such individuals in the vicinity, as are subscribers and donors to the sanctified cause of *Missionaryation*. We there learn that all the pretty girls and some of the pretty boys of New Hartford, including Miss Dolly Wells, little Sammy Wells, Jimmy Wells, and all the other little Wellses together with a few Miss *Eels*, and an quantity of Doubledays—such as Cyntha Doubleday, $1, Harriet Doubleday, $1 Lois Doubleday, 50 cents, Ammi Doubleday $3, and Billy Doubleday 25 cents —with other Prudas, Nancys, Rhodas, Abbys, Emmas, Sophias, Rachels, Peggys and Dicys, too numerous to mention, have given all their pennies to the amount of sixty one dollars and twelve and a half cents.

We never would have believed that a man in his senses or a decent female, no matter how much they are piety-struck, would have consented to have their names, associated with their pitiful donations, and sent abroad, for fools to gaze at, through the columns of a newspaper. But so it is, unless those individuals lack those qualities.

MR. ISAAC ORR, proposes to publish a religious paper in this city, to be called "The Retrospect," and he is recommended by half a dozen *priests*, among whom are Dominie Chester, and John Van Ness Yates, Esq. It will doubtless merit a further notice from us when it comes to light. Pray will the Editors of the Daily tell us how many papers there will be in town when this shall have been commenced?

His Excellency has received another *present*, in the shape of a piece of flannel, from the Messrs. Jones', on Long Island. Faith, 'tis a very comfortable thing; and we would follow the trade of *ditching* a while ourselves, if the folks would reward us as handsomely as they do the Magnus.

THE STREETS. We last week adverted to the state of some of our streets in the most modest and polite manner we were capable of. But it grieveth us to say our wholesome monitions have passed unheeded as the idle wind, and the crates and *hog's*-heads of Mark-Lane, and the waggons and lumber of Dock-street are as annoying as ever. Let it be borne in mind that if neither good words nor gentle means will reclaim the wicked, and make them *mend their ways*, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

FOR THE ALBANY MICROSCOPE.

Common-Place Book of a Recluse.

NO. II.

Though my *Common-Place Book* is, as the name implies, a body of mere extracts; yet I shall, as circumstances may seem to require, introduce occasionally my own remarks. In reading the Memoirs of *Madam Campan*, lately published, the following observations of *Napoleon* were deemed worthy of preservation, not because they contain any new idea, but because they evince the spirit of goodness and justice which animated the breast of that great man, and are worthy of being contrasted, as I shall presently show, with the sentiments of some of our would-be nobility.

"It is not the poor, said *Napoleon*, but the rich, who require to be looked after in a state. It is the higher ranks who demand attention. If they were not reined in, they would pull down the sovereign in no time. I hold them with a sure hand, and keep them at a due distance, for they are full of ambition. They are pleasant companions, but they have keen appetites. *The poor must be protected, or they would be devoured.* The higher orders have every advantage in society. Their rank and wealth protect them but too well. The power of the throne is in the lower rank, and all the dangers that threaten it proceed from the great."

Now let us contrast these sentiments, so worthy of a ruler of mankind, with those that appear to have animated some of our *Aristocracy* on a late occasion.

It is not an uncommon thing for journeymen mechanics to "*strike*," as they term it, "for higher wages." In such cases they commonly combine, and bind themselves to each other not to work for any employer, under the wages which they deem reasonable and just. These combinations, however, have been adjudged by *English Law* to be dangerous conspiracies, and have been punished accordingly. That this *English Law* is arbitrary and tyrannical, I shall not now stop to prove, though it requires but little reasoning to do so; and still less to prove it at war with every principle of freedom that animates our constitutions. To punish a poor man, for asking for his labour what he thinks it worth, is well worthy of tyrants; but no friend of liberty or justice will ever be found to sanction so vile a principle.

It is true some of our ignorant, or unfeeling Judges, have acted upon this old and infamous English Law, and punished poor mechanics for demanding no more than their rights; but such Judges ought to be turned into brick-yards and workshops, instead of being clothed in ermine, and exalted to seats of justice. Our fathers

were deemed *rebels* for *conspiring* against British tyranny of old; and their sons, I see us, are to be deemed *rebels* for *conspiring* against petty task-masters, and the selfish interests, and mean, contracted views, of our upstart *Aristocracy*.

Thus, when the Journeymen Carpenters of Boston, lately "*struck*" for higher wages, not only the master builders, but all the *Aristocracy* of that ancient "cradle of liberty," were arrayed at once against the poor journeymen!

A public meeting was called, and *Harrison Gray Otis* (a name *once* venerable in the annals of freedom) addressed the audience, not in favor of the rights of humanity, not as the poor man's friend, but against them both.

On this occasion, one requisition of the journeymen was so reasonable, so just, and so necessary, *that* none but an enemy to the human race could object to it: It was, that there should be *no more than* TEN WORKING HOURS *in the day*.

Let any man of common sense, and common humanity, reflect for a moment, and he will perceive the propriety of this requisition. Shall not the poor mechanic have *recreation* as well as *labor*; or is it designed by Nature that the rich alone shall take pleasure in life? Shall not the mechanic be allowed to walk abroad daily, to be solaced by the light, and invigorated by the breath of heaven? Shall he not inhale the fresh air of the morning, for the benefit of his *physical* frame; nor enjoy the tranquilizing rays of the setting sun, and the mild shadows of the summer-eve, that gratify and improve the *moral* man? Shall he not have a small portion of the day for reading, and reflecting upon what he reads? Shall he not have a little time to enjoy the comforts of his humble fireside; the society of the wife of his bosom, and the play and the prattling of his children, if he be a husband and a father? Or shall he be cut off from all these enjoyments, and be permitted only to labor like the ox or the ass, or the West India Negro, to spend his whole existence, like those animals, in working, eating, and sleeping, and instead of a sentient and moral being, become a a mere physical agent, to be driven, whipped, and goaded about at the mercy of brutal and unfeeling task-masters? If the aristocracy of Boston, with *Harrison Gray Otis* for their orator, decide these questions, the Lord have mercy on the mechanics; but I trust there is yet a redeeming spirit in the constitution of our country, that shall finally restore to the poor man his violated rights; and that the worst principles which have crept into the *English Law*, through their mal-administration, or their original *barbarity*, shall not be sanctioned in American courts of justice, in violation of the just laws of Nature, and the obvious dictates of freedom and humanity.

FOR THE ALBANY MICROSCOPE.

NEW THEATRE. There never was a Public Institution erected and dedicated but what was productive of good to mankind, not even excepting the Holy Inquisition which is the worst ever known within ancient and modern times and which was the primary cause in accelerating the late revolution in fallen and degraded Spain, but to the regret of all good and real patriots and friends of liberty was not happily consummated.

In retracing back the rapid strides of civilization and public improvements, we find that one of the first objects of the gallant and noble Greek, was to depict every situation in human life in its true colours; and in accomplishing which, they had recourse to Painting, Poetry, the Tragic and Comic Art.

Escylus, a Greek Poet, who is the father of Tragedy, instituted the first Theatre at Athens, were several plays of his own were performed (although imperfectly) which had a great tendency to

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were deemed *rebels* for *conspiring* against British tyranny of old; and their sons, it seems, are to be deemed *rebels* for *conspiring* against petty task-masters, and the selfish interests, and mean, contracted views, of our upstart *Aristocracy*.

Thus, when the Journeymen Carpenters of Boston, lately "*struck*" for higher wages, not only the master builders, but all the *Aristocracy* of that ancient "cradle of liberty," were arrayed at once against the poor journeymen!

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There are some who are opposed to scenic representations, because they say it is a school for vice and dissipation and that many a youth who was the pride and solace of his parents, if led on by the arts and seductions of the frail part of the female sex, who are constant visitors to such places, to ruin and despair. And is there not other places of amusement where youth can be lulled to sleep in the arms of debauchery and drunkeness? A parent would recoil with horror at the thought of taking his child to a common brothel to make it disgusted with vice; on the other hand, his object would be attained by his witnessing an instructive moral play with his offspring. None but the priest-ridden and bigoted part of community are opposed to such institutions, those who profess to wear the mantle of christianity and meekness, because, forsooth, it will draw numbers from their favorite church and doctrine and make them bad members of society. Those I say, are the ones who are opposed to every thing that is enlightened, public spirited and liberal and that clashes with their schemes to enslave and enthral the minds of men to their own aggrandizement.

The above remarks are hastily thrown together on visiting the New Theatre in our City, an Institution which does honor to those whose taste is displayed in the arrangment of the interior—and which I hope will be supported with that genuine spirit of liberality which is characteristic of the citizens of this metropolis. The gentleman who is manager has always sustained a respectable reputation in his vocation and I sincerely hope his efforts to cater for the public will be met by a correspondent spirit on their part and sustain an Institution that will always be an ornament to the City as well as a school where the mind may be improved and a few hours spent profitably and with pleasure; and when strangers visit our city, in rambling through our streets, they will mentally exclaim there is the place where Melpomene holds her court, attended by her train.

FLORIO.

Och! botheration to you Mr. *Mikryscope*, what would you be after making poor Teddy O'Rouke a fool for.—But perhaps you didn't *mane* it: so I'll tell you how it was. Last Saturday night I went to the grocery to get a pint of *Jamaky*, half a quarter of *tay*, and a quarter of *Suggar*, for Sunday, when who should come in but a boy with the *Mykryscope*. I *jist tuk* it up, and opened it, when the first thing I saw was "POTATOES."—"Here Dennis," said I, "*rade* this, (for to tell you the truth, "*Praties*" is the *ounly long word* I can spell,) it must be good news from '*Ould Ireland!*'" So Dennis *tuk* the paper and read about a "*Stout jontleman*." "*wood merchants*," "*dock walluppers*." and "*paviours*." "Arrah! stop Dennis," said I, "you *hav'nt* got the right place." "Sure I have though," said he, "and I'll tell what it *manes* too. Sure you know the *jontleman* that sold us *praties* last fall for one and *thrup-pence* a bushel if we would vote the ticket he wanted us to." "Faith I do," said I, "and they were *rale* good *praties* too." "Well," said Dennis, "don't you know when we went to vote, Mr. Brulgruddery *tould* us we were on the wrong side, but we did'nt like to break our words, and so we voted the ticket the "*praty jontleman*" wanted us to. Well you see, now the *jontleman* wants the people to vote for him again, and he is going about to all the poor people offering them *praties* if they will vote for him; don't you recollect Mr. Brulgruddery *tould* us the *jontleman* had turned his coat more *nor* a hundred times" "Och! to the *divil* I pitch him," said I. And so you see Mr. *Mikryscope* I *jist* wish you would put this in your paper, so that the poor people may know what he is, and keep a good look out for the "*praty jontleman*." Your *obadient sarvent*.

TEDDY O'ROURKE.

P. S. I write by deputy so you must excuse all *bulls*. *T. O'R.*

FOR THE ALBANY MICROSCOPE.

MORNING.

How sweet it is to breathe the air—
The fresh sweet air of early morn—
When all the flow'rs are young and fair,
That deck the meadow and adorn
Each vocal grove and fair green hill.
The air that fans the flow'ry heath—
The air in which the dews distil
How sweet! how sweet, it is to breathe!

I love to hear the tuneful throng
While warbling their sweet notes of love—
The soft harmonious woodland song—
The cooing of the turtle-dove;
I love to hear at early dawn,
Before bright Phœbus mounts the sky,
Or only sends aslant the lawn
His golden beam and yellow dye.

And where the rills of Morning glide,
Cool'd by the tears of dark-ey'd Night,
I love to stray, or sit, beside
And woo the morning beams to light—
To hear the waters murmering sound
Sigh sweetly in the morning air,
And Echo toying with the sound——
Be hush! 'tis heaven to linger there.

Oh, lovely season! who would waste,
In lethargy, thy precious hour?
Rise, sluggard, rise: spring up in haste;
Let Morpheus have no longer power
To rob your soul of more than half
The joy it knows while here below—
For joys are few and fly like chaff
Before the sweeping blast of woe.

COLERAIN.

Captain Flash's Address
TO HIS WHISKERS.

Blest allies in the cause of love!
Strong holders of a lady's troth!
Oh! can I so ungrateful prove,
As to exterminate ye both?
No—no, I'd rather snuff the moon,
I'd rather eat a cockatrice,
I'd rather swallow a balloon,
Or pulverize the arctic ice—
My Whiskers!

But Delia vows that I must doff
"Such hideous things: they're *contraband!*"
Or else she'll turn her hero off;
And give another the command.
Had I a squad of twenty men,
With vizors on, just such as ye,
I'd subjugate the world, and then
Myriads of queens should flock to see
My Whiskers!

Oh! let her lead me with a halter,
Or bid me gouge a Pacha's eye;
Or storm the rugged rock Gibralter,
Or drink the briny ocean dry.
For her I'll set the Grecians free,
For her untie the Gordian noose:
For her I'll rake infinity,
But no—I cannot—cannot lose
My Whiskers!

Attention! then my noblest part,
Form column of attack and dress;
The *bastion front* is Delia's heart,
The prize her smile of tenderness.
And who, in such a glorious strife,
Would ground his arms, and beat retreat?
No maid that longs to be a wife,
But what, with thee will gladly meet—
My Whiskers!

ALLAN-A-DALE.

To the Editor of the Microscope:

There is at present in this city an individual who is equally famed for his civil and his military knowledge. His profound erudition in the former, the result of hard study, and his extensive accquaintance with the latter, acquired no doubt by his arduous toil in the service of his country at the head of the war-worm veterans of the bloody 89th, from the region of Fox Creek. We know not when to admire him most—whether at the head of his troops, or in his office, poring over Blackstone, a brillant example of human industry. Lately, when walking down South Pearl-Street, feeling the heat rather oppressive, he *advanced* with a *retrogade* motion (as he once said to his men,) into a grocery, and called for a glass of water with a little brandy in it, when he had drank it, he very politely walked out of the store muttering something about no change, another time, &c., leaving the astonished clerk to cogitate on his lost brandy and swearing never to be come over in that Jeremy Diddler sort of style again. *N. S.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Humanitas, Philomath., Peter, and several others, will see that their favors are necessarily deferred. We shall probably find room for most of them in our next.

New Establishment.

JOHN W. HYDE has opened a new Lottery Office at *No. 476 South Market street*, for the express purpose of distributing Dame Fortune's favors to those unfortunate adventurers who have not heretofore enjoyed her Golden smiles, and confidently assures them that there will be no mistake in this office.

LITERATURE LOTTERY,

Class No. 1—for 1825,

Will be drawn on the 20th day of July next, and finished in a few minutes.

John B. Yates, and Archibald M Intyre, Managers.

SCHEME:

1	Prize of	$30,000	is	$30,000
1	"	15,000	"	15,000
1	"	10,000	"	10,000
1	"	5,737	"	5,737
20	"	1,000	"	20,000
30	"	500	"	15,000
30	"	200	"	6,000
51	"	100	"	5,100
51	"	50	"	2,550
1,734	"	22	"	33,148
11,475	"	11	"	126,225

Tickets in the above scheme are offered for sale at this office. Also, Tickets in other schemes not to be mentioned.

P. S. Orders (post paid) enclosing the cash will be promptly attended to.

May 14.

Something Pleasing.

GRAND and splendid dividends to be obtained on small investments, in a few days, at the Lucky Lottery and Exchange Office of Fortunes favorites, No 353. North Market-street.

JAS. BELL & Co.

For the Sum of		$9,	$30,000;
"	"	4 50,	15,000;
"	"	2 25,	7,500;
"	"	1 13,	3,750;
"	"	5 00	10,000;
"	"	2 50	5,000;
"	"	1 25	2,500;
"	"	0 63	1,250.

Orders from the country, either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the cash or prizes in the New-York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore Lotteries, will meet with the same prompt and punctual attention as a personal application, if addressed to JAS. BELL & Co's.

Lottery and Exchange Office,
No 353. N. Market-street, Albany.

N B. Uncurrent bank notes bought and sold on the the most reasonable terms—also, a premium paid for all kinds of gold.

May 14 10tf

E. G. GRACIE,

HAS opened his store, at the Canal Basin, directly fronting the south termination of the canal, where he has for sale an assortment of Lamps, and pure Spermaceti Lamp Oil, Wicking, &c., comprising all the articles to make a *safe, cheap, and excellent light*. Proprietors and captains of boats will, by experience, find lamps with pure oil to be the most safe and economical light.

Also, for sale Groceries, &c. viz:

Rum,	Mackerel,
Brandy,	Codfish,
Gin,	Herring,
Molasses,	Hams,
Sugars,	Pork,
Teas,	Smoked Beef,
Coffee,	Shad,
Chocolate,	Neats' Foot Oil
Wines,	Linseed Oil,
Cordials,	Sweet Oil,
Sperm Candles,	Spirits of Turpentine,
Tallow do.	Harlæm Oil,
Bar Soap,	Camphor,
Shaving do.	Brimstone,
Salt,	Oil of Spike.

Crockery, Glasses, Nails, Matrasses, &c.

E. G. G has a *WOOD YARD* on the west side of the Canal Basin, where he intends to keep a supply of wood for sale. He wishes to purchase wood, or will receive it on storage, make advances on the same, and his charges will be moderate. He has now on hand, 150 cords of wood for sale.

May 14.

NEW BOOK STORE

WILLIAM HENDRICKSON, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a Book and Stationary Store, at No. 353, North Market-street, where he has on hand a large assortment of miscellaneous, classical, medical, and school books, quills, lead pencils, ink powder, ink in bottles, wafers, &c. Wrapping-paper and blank books of all sizes.

Albany, May 14. 10

FROM THE LONDON CHRONICLE.

Love's Eternity.

What need of wit? What need of wile?
I know your eyes are killing;
But oh! he isn't worth a smile,
Who isn't worth a shilling!
And yet, by all the Gods of Rhyme,
And by your lips, I swear,
Though all my love is loss of time,
And all my hope despair,
The glittering stream shall cease to stray,
The wind refuse to rove,
Yea! Heaven and earth shall pass away,—
Before I cease to love!

Fair Freedom shall be found in Quod,
Stern Justice in the Quorum,
The Atheist praise the Grace of God,
JOHN BULL shall learn decorum;
Loyal addresses shall omit
"Our fortunes and our lives."
The Commons shall be fain'd for wit,
The Peers for virtuous wives;
Dandies shall dress without a glass,
Or dine with one remove,
All monstrous things shall come to pass—
Before I cease to love!

Young Widowhood shall love its weeds,
Old kings shall loathe the Tories,
And Monks be tired of telling beads,
And blues of telling stories;
And gilded suitors shall be crost,
And famish'd Poets married;
And Canning's motion shall be lost,
And Hume's amendment carried;
And Chancery shall cease to doubt,
And Algebra to prove,
And Hoops come in, and Gas go out,
Before I cease to love!

And Peel shall sink his Popery cry,
And Buxton lay his plans down,
And Bankes shall vote with honesty,
And Liverpool with Lansdown;
And hungry Knights shall lose their stake
And never talk of pairing,
And Country Members keep awake
Through half an hour of Baring;
And not a soul shall go to grin,
When Martin goes to move,
And Mr. Cobbett shall get in,—
Before I cease to love!

Good sense shall go to parliament,
The Tithes shall be abated,
A Papist shall be innocent,
A slave emancipated;
A French Gallant shall break his heart,
A Spanish Count his fetters,
A Fortune-teller trust her art,
A Radical his betters,
A pretty face shall like a veil,
A pretty hand a glove,
And Reason win, and Bribery fail,—
Before I cease to love!

THE LA FAYETTE
Canal Passage Boat Company

INTEND running a line of Boats between Albany and Waterford. A Boat will start from Albany and Waterford at 9 o'clock A. M. stopping at the intermediate places, and leave each place at three o'clock P. M.

For the present, the MINERVA, Wm. Kane master, will perform one trip daily until the new boat, *La Fayette*, now building, shall be in readiness to take her place in the line.

Persons desirous of taking a short excursion on one of the most interesting sections of the whole line of Canal, will find it to their advantage by availing themselves of this route; as they will have an opportunity of viewing the Cohoes Falls, and pass the Side-Cut and Weigh Lock opposite Troy, and the Nine Locks at the Junction.

The *Minerva* has lately been put in complete order, and for neatness and beauty is surpassed by no Passage-Boat on the Canal.

By order of the President.

C. N. BEMENT, *Sec*

JUST published by Cummings, Hilliard & Co. Boston, *The United States Literary Gazette*, No. III. CONTENTS. *Reviews:* Memoirs of Goethe, Bradford's History of Massachusetts, Hadad, a Dramatic Poem. *Miscellany:* The Study of Botany, The English House of Commons. *Poetry:* True Greatness, The Reign of May, To a Friend at Sea. *Critical Notices:* Blackwood, Edinburgh Magazine, Adonsville, or Marrying, Mr. Johnson's Address to the Utica Lyceum, *Intelligence:* Recovered Edition of Shakspeare, Harris Natural History of the Bible, American Natural History, Ladakh Sheep, Antidiluvian Remains. List of New Publications, List of Works in Press.

WHO WANTS
$50,000?

WHAT a silly question! says Somebody, for Anybody knows that Everybody wants it. Well, if Everybody wants it, let Everybody come boldly up to HENDRICKSON'S

Temple of Fortune,

where there is a probability, unless another come for it, that Somebody will get it. But, says the proverb, "what is Everybody's business, is Nobody's business"—well then, if Everybody neglects the *golden* opportunity, and Nobody buys a ticket, then, surely, Nobody will get the high prize.

Let Everybody commune with himself, and with a modern Plato, (wiser than the ancient one,) reason thus:—

"Whether 'tis better, in the purse to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or, by a lucky ticket,—end them."

And the surest way to end them with a lucky ticket is to apply, forthwith, to

G. R. HENDRICKSON,
Corner of State and S. Market streets
Albany, May 7, 1825.

LOTTERY INTELLIGENCE.
GOLDEN PROSPECTS.

"WE understand, (says the Philadelphia Gazette,) that many persons were seriously injured in attempting to subscribe for the stock of the Southwark Bank, and that one man actually died on Tuesday night, in consequence, it is believed of over-exertion and bruises!"

What silly elves! What madmen! to risk their lives, and lose them too, it seems, in a vain attempt to monopolize shadows, in the shape of bank scrip, when they might have come to No. 45 without let or hindrance, and vested their funds in stock as much better than bank stock, as pure gold is better than flimsy paper, made out of filthy rags. The dividends at No. 45, are paid in *American Eagles*, and not in old shirt-tails. Let men of sense, then, who know the difference between money and moonshine, leave simpletons, like those abovementioned, to beat their blockheads against each other to get at the *ragged scrip* of a *paper money bank*, and come themselves for the pure metal, in the incomparable Doctor *Solomon's* CURE-ALL, to

SOUTHWICK'S
Golden 45 Number,
South Side of State-street.

Where will be divided, *(God willing,)* the 11th of May, *one Prize of* FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be paid in *Five Thousand American Eagles*—one of 20,000 do—one of 10,000 do—2 of 5,000 do—one of 4,720—20 of 10,000 and hundreds and thousands of small ones—in the

Union Canal Lottery,

which draws on that day. Come on, then, generous adventurers—the critical moment fast approaches on the rapid wings of Time, and who knows how many of you on the eve of that auspicious day may exclaim, with honest *Ben Jonson*, in his *Alchymist*—

"This night I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold!"

Albany April 29, 1825.

N. B. Tickets for sale in all the Lotteries authorised by law—and all orders from the country, inclosing cash, and directed to SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, No. 45, south side of State-street, or SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, Jr. No. 538, South Market street, will be gratefully received and promptly executed.

COPARTNERSHIP.

SAMUEL WEBSTER and STEPHEN W. JOHNSON Jun. have entered into copartnership in the Bookselling and Stationary business, under the firm of WEBSTER & JOHNSON, at No. 395 South Market St. They hope by their attention to, and knowledge of, the business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Albany, February 26, 1825—tf

Passage to Waterford.

THE Packet-Boat MINERVA, Wm. Kane master, will leave the Canal Basin *every morning, at* 10 *o'clock*, and leave Waterford at 3 o'clock P. M. and arrive at Albany at half past 5; stopping at the intermediate places. For passage, apply to the Captain on board, or C. N. Bement, No. 1 Green-street.

April 23. 3tf

E. G. GRACIE,
No. 10 Washington-street.

HAS recently sold to adventurers in Lotteries, a number of valuable prizes, and anticipates the pleasure of supplying his customers with many other fortunate numbers.

Tickets in *Literature Lottery, Class No.* 1, *for* 1825, highest prize $30,000, to be drawn on the 20th of July next, for sale at

GRACIE'S,

Who sold the largest prize ever drawn in America.

Orders from the country enclosing cash promptly attended to.

Tickets in the above named Lottery can be had at his store at the Canal Basin.

JOB PRINTING.

PLAIN and Ornamental *Job Printing* of every description executed at the office of the Microscope, corner of Steuben and North Market streets, in the most fashionable and elegant manner, at the usual prices. The public patronage is respectfully solicited. *March* 12.

State of New-York,
Comptroller's Office.

The Printers of the several Newspapers in this State are requested to publish for three weeks, the following extract from an act to amend the "act for the assessment and collection of taxes," and present their accounts to this office for payment.

W. L. MARCY, *Comptroller.*

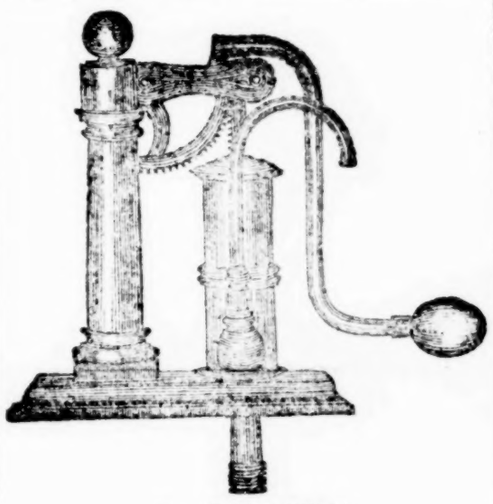
Albany, April 22d, 1825.

Extract from "An act to amend the act, entitled "an act for the assessment and collection of taxes,"

Passed 20th April, 1825.

"*Section* 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the list of stockholders required by the act hereby amended, and the amendment thereto, passed the twenty eighth of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty four, to be made to the treasurer of this state, shall hereafter be made to the *Comptroller*; and if the said list of stockholders of any company, shall not be furnished to the Comptroller within thirty days after the times specified for making the same in the said acts," the said company shall *forfeit the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars*, to be sued for by the Attorney General in the name of the people of the state of New York; and it shall be the duty of the Comptroller to furnish the Attorney General with an account of all companies which have not rendered to him such list of stockholders, for the purpose of having the Attorney General institute legal proceedings against the said companies: and that the Comptroller shall cause this section to be published in every newspaper printed in the state for at least three weeks immediately after the passage of this act."

"These acts make it "the duty of the President, Treasurer, Cashier, or other proper officer of every incorporated company liable to taxation, on or before the 15*th day of May in each year*, to furnish the treasurer of this state with a list of the names of the several stockholders in such incorporated company with their several places of residence, and the *amount* of stock held by each stockholder respectively designating that which is held by individuals, and by other incorporated companies, and the amount held or owned by persons or incorporated companies, not residing in this state, which list shall be *certified under the oath* of the said President, Treasurer, Cashier, or other proper officer to be in all respects just and true."



S. RISK'S

IMPROVED Rack and Box ALE AND CIDER PUMPS, with apparatus complete, and warranted to perform well, for sale cheap by the subscriber.

The above pumps, are manufactured in the village of Poughkeepsie, and are very much approved of, for their simplicity and superior workmanship. They will be sold at the manufacturer's price.

C. N. BEMENT.
Albany, Sept. 4. *No. 1, Green-st*

The Microscope

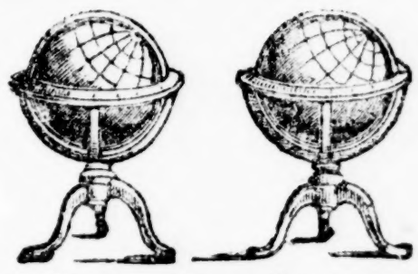
HAS now been published about four years and has acquired considerable celebrity and support. Its columns are devoted, chiefly, to what is called *light reading*, and it is, of course, designed more for amusement than instruction—more for the summary castigation of vice and the ridicule of fashionable follies, than the prosing dissertations of the moralist, or the gloomy lucubrations of the bigot; though it is believed it may with justice be said to combine the useful with the amusing in all it general features. This paper is, therefore, with confidence, particularly recommended to the favorable consideration of all the true lovers of good feeling and good order "throughout the land."

The chief object of this advertisement is, to remind those numerous *readers* of the Microscope, who are not *purchasers*, that there is such a thing as procuring it in a fair and liberal way, without being dependent on the expense and charity of others for their amusement. It seems to be the complaint of each of our *subscribers*, that his paper has usually from 20 *to* 30 *readers*—and that he seldom can get an opportunity of perusing it himself, until it has passed through the hands of all these *customers*—and then runs the risque of its being *lost, stolen*, or *worn out*, before it becomes the *turn* of the rightful owner. To endeavor to obviate, in some measure, this evil, we are constrained thus publicly to invite all those who wish to *read* the Microscope, to *buy* it—and to request all those who *pay for it* scrupulously to discourage all *borrowers, spongers*, and *beggars*.

It will undoubtedly be found one of the the most advantageous advertising Journals in the state; as the number of advertisements will be limited, and the subscribers principally such as take few or no other advertising papers. The circulation, too, is already so extensive as to render it an object to advertise in its columns.

Albany, Jan. 15.

SAMUEL HUMPHRIES,
Physician & Surgeon,
No. 90 STATE-ST.
Near the Corner of South Pearl.



Globe Manufactory.
James Willson & Sons,

Manufacture, at No. 110 *Washington-street, Albany, GLOBES of the following dimensions:*

13 inch Globes, mounted on mahogany pedestal stands, with compasses.
Ditto, mahogany and curly-maple turned frames with compasses.
Ditto, common low frames, without compasses.
3 inch Globes, common frames.
9 inch Globes, with fancy mountings.

*** A recent and improved edition of the above Globes, from a new engraving, claims a preference to those of foreign production, as the publishers have aimed at every possible accuracy in delineation, particularly in the geography of our *own country* and the western hemisphere, which, on British Globes, is much neglected and too incorrect for the interest and edification of the American geographer.

E. G. GRACIE,
No. 10 Washington-street,

HAS just received an additional supply of first quality, BRASS SUSPENDING LAMPS which he will sell at the manufacturer's prices.

Jan 29. 47tf

WEBSTER & JOHNSON,
Booksellers and Stationers,
395 South Market street,

RETURN their thanks to the public, for their very liberal patronage in the book and stationary line. It was the opinion of the firm, that a well conducted stationary store, would meet the views of the public; and as there never has been a complete assortment in that line heretofore in the city, they have been at a great expense to accommodate the citizens and strangers—which assortment they pledge themselves to keep up, so long as a generous public think proper to give them their support. The new publications will be received by first conveyance, and no pains will be spared to accommodate those who may favor the establishment with their custom.

This day received, in addition to the late publications, Goslington Shadow, a romance 2 v.
Private Journal of Madame Campan, Also,
The Private Correspondence of Lord Byron.

April 9. tf

LAMP OIL.
E. G. GRACIE,

HAS lately received a further supply of pure Winter-Pressed *Sperm Lamp Oil*, which he will sell by the tierce, barrel, or less quantity. Families that use lamps with pure Oil, will be pleased with the utility and economy. Convenient tin canisters, that hold from one to three gallons, will be loaned, and oil sent to any part of the city.

A fresh supply of DUNLAP'S VEGETABLE PASTE BLACKING, which is known to be the best in use, and will be sold by the gross, dozen, or single box.

N. B. Cash paid for Mustard Seed.

Circulating Library.
S. W. JOHNSON, Jun.

No 395 *S. Market-street, Albany,*

INFORMS his friends and the public, that the patronage has enabled him to repair his LIBRARY, and add many valuable books within a short time. He hopes to merit a continuance of their favors, and pledges himself to add, from time to time, such works as will interest and amuse the reader.

March 13. 35 tf

MANUFACTORY OF
Silver Work and Jewelry.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture articles in the above line of business as usual, at *No* 34 *South Pearl-street*, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

JOHN W. H. CANOLL.

N. B. Jobs appertaining to his business, done at the shortest notice, and as low as can be afforded in the city.

Albany, April 17, 1824.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.
PETER FRYER,
No 42 *State-street,*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has just returned from New-York with a new supply of *Watches, Jewelry, &c.*, which he offers for sale as low as any that can be purchased in the city.

N. B. The subscriber has also now in employ, a first rate English journeyman Watchmaker.

Albany, April 23.

The Microscope

Is published every Saturday, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, *(up stairs.)* Terms—THREE DOLLARS a year, *payable in advance.*